

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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THE ISLAND KINGDOM

MORE than ever that island kingdom is now the bulwark of the western world, the main remaining defence of what is left of decency, peace, enlightenment, and freedom on this earth.

New York Herald-Tribune

WE have become the sole champions now in arms to defend the world cause. We shall do our best to be worthy of that high honour. We shall defend our island and, with the British Empire around us, we shall fight on unconquerable until the curse of Hitler is lifted from the brows of men.

The Prime Minister

LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED

He Shall Send His Angels From the Four Winds of Heaven

THE shadows of outer darkness have fallen upon us. If the stars were to fall at our feet it would not be more startling than the events that have shaken the world.

What is it that we have seen? Force has suddenly become master in Europe. The peoples of country after country groan under the heel of the conqueror who marches with his travelling crematorium to burn the bodies of those he slays to build up his throne.

One king has betrayed his people, and one is captive in his palace. A king and a queen are refugees. Governments have been driven from their capitals. Joan of Arc's Rouen and Rheims are fallen and Paris itself, the gay, brave heart of civilisation, is under the pitiless heel. France is fallen low. Disaster on disaster we have suffered.

Bad News

That is the bad news. The Plague has come back to the world, blighting not only the physical but the moral and mental and spiritual life of man.

Well, and what about it all? Is life at an end for us? Are all the things we love to be ours no more? Is it just a dream that life will be worth while tomorrow?

In front of us yawns the abyss of despair, but let us steady our thoughts before we leap. Before we look forward let us look back, and as we look back let us remember that the indestructible hosts of humanity are with us, that the world is ten to one against our enemies, and that on our side are the everlasting powers of the Universe, which do not capitulate because one mad dog can hold up ten strong men. The time will come when the mad dog will be shot.

What We Have Seen

But let us look back and see what we have seen. We have seen the bitter failure of the noblest attempt a nation ever made to save the world from War. We are where we are because we tried too long and too late the way of Peace. We were the only nation on the earth that tried its best to keep its promise to disarm.

We tried to set Europe on the path the British Empire has laid down for itself, the path

of Freedom for all the vast variety of peoples and faiths within its borders. For one-fifth of the world's population we have established the tranquil life with justice over all, and we had no other desire than this for any other land.

You Can Do Anything

But the map of Europe is a complicated thing, and we do not rule the world. No nation can stand on Judgment Day and declare that it is faultless, yet of all the great free nations it will be said that they did what they could in the critical hour to save the world from this. But in Germany there was no desire for peace.

It has often been said in this paper that if you want a thing badly enough you can have it. It was better said in Galilee long ago—that if you have faith you can remove a mountain. In Germany there was a man who wanted to turn the world upside down and rule it in his own way. When they imprisoned him he wrote a book to say how he would do it. He would rely on the indifference of the great masses of the people. It was lucky for him that the German people, who have never been free but have always been drilled and marched and ordered where to go, are the most obedient people in the world. They were willing to be his slaves. Beggared by the wars they had made, they followed the leader who declared that the earth was his and he would give it them.

To Conquer the World

Those who would not follow him he shot, tortured, or made captive. He destroyed Parliament and Justice. He set up secret police. He turned schools into seats of treachery, law courts into political organisations, put spies at every corner, robbed the Jews, made the life of the churches impossible, gagged the papers, burned libraries, stopped travel, seized wireless sets, and closed the country against all avenues by which news of the outer world could reach it. The German people were enslaved in mind and soul and body, for they were robbed and starved to supply the war machine which was to be turned on Europe. Now everything was ready,

and Hitler with his Slave-State behind him set out to conquer the world. What has happened we know. One by one the little countries have fallen before him, often with traitors at the gate, for Hitler had 30,000 cells of treachery spread about the world. The treachery of King Leopold robbed the Allies of a million men and jeopardised the lives of half a million more. The treachery of a man at a bridge let the enemy come rushing on. The ruthlessness of the German Machine flung millions of refugees into the battle zone to hamper Allied movement.

Entirely regardless of the cost in the lives of his own people, brutally indifferent to the mass of horror and anguish in his path, the Nazi Brute has forged his way. He has paid a ghastly price for spectacular success and an hour of glory.

So the forces of Christianity and Freedom stand, with the

forces of Heathendom coming on. Weary with fighting against tremendous odds, outnumbered in men and outweighed in steel, overwhelmed by mighty tanks blazing fire and shell as they crush the living and the dead, bombed from the sky like rain, the defenders of righteousness offer their lives for all free men.

That is the bad news that has moved the whole world with grief and consternation.

And what of the good news? What have we to sustain us in this desperate hour? This.

The Nazis have Today. The Allies have Tomorrow. God has Forever. Let not your faith be troubled, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. The overwhelming masses of mankind are on our side.

Stealthily and at a fearful price, the powers of Barbarism have been built up for this

destruction, and their hour has come. It was beyond all expectation and belief that cruelty could go so far; it is beyond all reason to think that, going so far, it should not win great victories. But it is impossible that they should endure.

The powers of evil are concentrated. The powers of righteousness are scattered.

But already the finger moves on the horizon of history and we can almost see it write the words that will thrill mankind and shatter the enemy into dust.

The Fatal Step

Once before the German Monster marched to the top of the world, and then it made a great mistake. It took a fatal step which brought against it the strength of the Western World. It has done it again.

The moment the Great War became a World War it was lost by those who made it. Once more it is World War, for the great United States has flung in all it has. It is the richest country and the most powerful working population on the earth, and it is behind the Allies.

Nothing Can Crush Liberty

With it are great empires and fine fleets, and behind these are the vast masses of the freedom-loving peoples of the world, 2000 millions of them against 200 millions of Dictators' slaves. Their resources are illimitable. Their spirit is unbreakable. They are scattered today but they will draw together and will conquer tomorrow. We have to hold on until the powers of victory can get together and crush the snake that would poison life for all.

It will be done. It has been done before. When Europe was a danger to Liberty, France defeated Europe and saved her freedom. When France became a danger to Europe, Britain defeated France and saved the liberty of all. It is always liberty that wins. There is nothing on the earth that can crush it.

Something there is in the souls of all free men that will not be dismayed. Their fires cannot be quenched. Their spirit will not quail. The human soul that has once been free will not endure to be a slave. When that is the peril

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THE OLD FLAG STILL FLIES

I HAVE LIVED AND DIED AN ENGLISHMAN

An Airman's Last Letter to His Mother

We take from The Times this wonderful letter (not quite complete) from an airman to his mother.

We are all defenders of our country now, and it is with deep and poignant sympathy with all our countrymen that we commend to them this last word from one of our young heroes who has given himself for England.

Rupert Brooke said it in poetry; this young immortal has said it not less nobly in his simple prose.

DEAREST MOTHER, Though I feel no premonition at all, events are moving rapidly, and I have instructed that this letter be forwarded to you should I fail to return from one of the raids which we shall shortly be called upon to undertake.

First, it will comfort you to know that my role in this war has been of the greatest importance. Our patrols far out over the North Sea have helped to keep the trade routes clear for our convoys and supply ships, and on one occasion our information was instrumental in saving the lives of the men in a crippled lighthouse relief ship. Though it will be difficult for you, you will disappoint me if you do not at least try to accept the facts dispassionately, for I shall have done my duty to the utmost of my ability. No man can do more, and no one calling himself a man could do less.

I have always admired your amazing courage in the face of continual setbacks; in the way you have given me as good an education and background as anyone in the country; and always kept up appearances without ever losing faith in the future. My death would not mean that your struggle has been in vain. Far from it. It means that your sacrifice is as great as mine.

Those who serve England must expect nothing from her; we debase ourselves if we regard our country as merely a place in which to eat and sleep.

History resounds with illustrious names who have given all, yet their sacrifice has resulted in the British Empire, where there is a measure of peace, justice, and freedom for all, and where a higher standard of civilisation has evolved, and is still evolving, than anywhere else. But this is not only concerning our own land. Today

we are faced with the greatest organised challenge to Christianity and civilisation that the world has ever seen, and I count myself lucky and honoured to be the right age and fully trained to throw my full weight into the scale. For this I have to thank you.

Yet there is more work for you to do. The home front will still have to stand united for years after the war is won. For all that can be said against it, I still maintain that this war is a very good thing; every individual is having the chance to give and dare all for his principle like the martyrs of old. However long the time may be, one thing can never be altered—I shall have lived and died an Englishman. Nothing else matters one jot nor can anything ever change it.

You must not grieve for me, for if you really believe in religion and all that it entails that would be hypocrisy. I have no fear of death; only a queer elation.... I would have it no other way. The universe is so vast and so ageless that the life of one man can only be justified by the measure of his sacrifice. We are sent to this world to acquire a personality and a character to take with us that can never be taken from us....

I count myself fortunate in that I have seen the whole country and known men of every calling. But with the final test of war I consider my character fully developed. Thus at my early age my earthly mission is already fulfilled and I am prepared to die with just one regret, and one only—that I could not devote myself to making your declining years more happy by being with you; but you will live in peace and freedom and I shall have directly contributed to that, so here again my life will not have been in vain.

Your loving Son.

THE FIGHT FOR THOUGHT

American science is with us heart and soul in our struggle. In answer to a timid plea raised by a few professions to keep out of the war so as to keep up American intellectual progress, has come a strongly-worded protest from the heads of scientific institutions all over the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

New York University, Harvard University, the Californian University at Berkeley, and the Rockefeller Institute are among the signatories, who retort that intellectual matters know no boundaries: and that a purely national culture is a poor thing indeed. The primary concern of any intelligent person must be the establishment of intellectual freedom and activity in the world as a whole. It is no use crying peace when there is no peace, nor freedom of thought in Russia or Germany, not to speak of the enslaved countries of Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, and Belgium. Peace without fighting for it is now a delusion.

99 Pictures Out of 100 Are of Peace

Of five hundred pictures exhibited by the Society of Women Artists in London, all but five illustrate the abiding scenes of peace.

It is Peace and not War that has made Literature and Art. Never until now was the British Empire more gravely imperilled than in the 20 years of Napoleon's wars, yet in that time were written the works of Charles Lamb and Jane Austen with not a reference in either to the death-grapple in Europe.

True, the immortal Jane mentions the militia, as we used to mention the Yeomanry and the Volunteers in the old days of peace, and she gives us pictures of sailor life ashore which we know she drew from the experiences of naval officers in her own family; but none of her characters go to war; world-shaking events have not the remotest influence on their lives.

Lamb is equally oblivious to the convulsions that vary the pattern of the immense kaleidoscope in which he sees Life. None of his imperishable essays touches even the fringe of war.

Hope For Influenza

Slowly, very slowly, a way is being found to deal with influenza, and strangely enough the path lies through the preventive remedies for dog distemper, which is the influenza of dogs. Some years ago, Sir Patrick Laidlaw found a way to protect dogs against distemper by a double vaccination with the invisible virus which he discovered as the true cause of the disease.

Untimely death cut him off from the continuance of his inquiries, but it is largely owing to them that it has now been discovered that inoculations of the dog distemper virus combined in the influenza virus may contribute to the prevention of the influenza scourge. So the dog returns payment to man for what man did for it.

Up Goes the Roof

An Australian reader in Victoria writes to tell us of a thrilling experience she had the other afternoon. She was sitting reading in her home at Carrum when all at once the galvanised iron roof was lifted up as if by a giant hand, and swept away! A willy-willy was the culprit, a capricious gale that struck the town, damaged several buildings, uprooted trees and shrubs, covered the streets with mangled telephone wires, and carried roofs of houses five miles.

Little News Reels

Blind boys at Worcester College are giving up their prizes at this year's Speech Week regatta as a war economy.

The High Sheriff of Surrey has sent a cheque for £250 for the Surrey men and women in the forces, instead of holding his annual garden party.

After drifting for six months, one of the lifeboats from the Doric Star, sunk by the Graf Spee in December, has been picked up empty off Pernambuco, 2600 miles away.

All the inhabitants of the village of New Earswick, Yorkshire, contribute one penny each weekly to buy comforts for the forces.

A Rotherham reader tells us of a private garden in the town in which seats have been placed for soldiers to rest in.

The small island of Herm in the Channel has lost half its male population, which has joined the Army; he was Ronald Lewis Burnard!

Canada is opening a fisheries plant in the Bay of Fundy, which will soon be sending millions of pounds of fish a week to the British forces.

There are nearly 70,000 wheat growers in this country.

About 600 undergraduates from Oxford are doing forestry work for the Government during the long vacation; they fell trees, cut the timber, stack it, and load it.

Farmers in Cumberland have been given permission to cut grass along the roadsides, and it is thought this will add 10,000 acres to the harvest area.

We hear of a Midland vicar working nine hours a day in an aeroplane factory, hurrying home at night and attending to his parish.

Guide and Scout News Reel

Acton Scouts and Guides did good work for the refugees, carting furniture and baggage and making empty houses habitable.

Glasgow Scouts have started a campaign to collect 1000 tons of waste.

Dunfermline Scouts have opened a new permanent camp-site at Lassodie, where a miner's institute has been converted into a headquarters.

Capetown has formed a Life Saving Corps of Old Scouts to deal with casualties in the event of air attack.

Winnipeg Scouts are distributing 50 truckloads of used clothing to 1600 needy families.

Guides at Milford Haven helped to feed, bath, and billet Belgian refugee children on arrival in the town.

Carlisle Guides have collected 5522 eggs for troop canteens.

By the collection of fallen timber a Company of Argyllshire Guides have made £26 for comforts for the forces.

Bedford Guides have collected one and a half tons of waste paper.

THINGS SEEN

A little girl evacuee at a station giving her packet of chocolate to a lonely French soldier.

In a seedsman's shop: A flower garden without a vegetable patch is a reproach to the owner.

Two sheep escaping from a dog by swimming across a river.

LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED

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before mankind, then leap up all free men, in valleys and on mountain tops, in villages and cities, in the prairie and on the veldt, in the desert and the Bush. They leave their wives and little ones. They march vast distances. They set aside all that is dear to them. They have one burning passion in their hearts, one vision ever in their gaze. They will be free.

Mankind Must Be Free

Then a man will give up all he has. Then he is nearer to God than ever since he came from God. Something in him dies now; the little selfishnesses fall away, the little dreams, the thoughts of what was going to be, the hopes and the fears and the wonderings, the looking-forwards and the memories, all the cherished schemes and all the great ambitions are nothing. He must be true. He must be free. He must be worthy of all that has been and all that is to be.

Then mankind is clothed in the majesty of God and marches on resistlessly. King Alfred knew it. Joan of Arc knew it. Oliver Cromwell knew it. Abraham Lincoln knew it. They too had their dark hours, when all was lost, but they stand transfigured in immortal glory.

The Powers of God

There was a Voice on the Mount of Olives, saying:

See that ye be not troubled, for all these things must come to pass; but the end is not yet. All these are the beginning of sorrows. But he that shall endure to the end shall be saved. They shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory; and he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other.

From the Four Winds they come, the scattered armies of the powers of God. In your patience possess ye your souls. Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom.

WHAT ALEC WAS DOING

What more fascinating pastime is there than delving into the past?

An old lady in Brantford, Ontario, has been remembering a playmate of her youth. He was Alexander Graham Bell, and she has written to tell us of the day when she went over to see her neighbours the Bells, and was met by the father, who laughingly said: "What do you think Alec, that son of mine, is doing? He got a tin can from his mother, put a wire to the woodshed, and thinks he can speak through it!"

That was the beginning of the telephone. The young inventor proceeded to buy up all the wire in Brantford, and strung it up.

Government Help in Case of Need

If a German bomb damages our furniture the Government will help at once, if our means are limited. The advances will be made by the Assistance Board.

Compensation will vary with individual needs. If for furniture, advances will be made where the total income does not exceed £400 a year, the maximum amount being £50.

If for clothing, advances will be made where the total income does not exceed £250 a year if there are no dependents, or £400 a year if there are dependents, the maximum advance being £10 where there are no dependents, £20 where one dependent, or £30 where more than one dependent have also suffered damage from an enemy bomb.

June 29, 1940

The Children's Newspaper

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The Tank's the Thing

ON a misty September morning in 1916, when the Battle of the Somme was at its height, there crept toward the German lines a group of weird monsters the like of which had never before appeared on a field of battle.

They were the first tanks, invented by British engineers in an effort to counter wearisome trench warfare and bring that speed of movement essential for rapid victory.

So lacerated was the soil of France that the tanks did not achieve all their creators had hoped, but the possibilities were so far-reaching that the Germans quickly copied them. All the best brains in engineering got to work to improve the elaborate mechanism, with the result that the latest models used in the Great War were out-of-date a year after it ended. The tank became the Thing.

Compared with the cumbrous monster of the Somme Battle the modern tank is a miracle of speed and efficiency, though to the eye it is still a clumsy, ugly mass of steel. Like the elephant or the rhino, it looks inert, but, like these creatures, it is capable of rapid movement which destroys everything in its path. The tank can travel over the roughest ground at a speed of 40 miles an hour, and can turn in its own length in two seconds. As the caterpillar chain track sweeps it along shells are fired from armoured turrets and bullets whistle from machine guns through narrow slits in its sides.

The machinery whereby the modern tank is driven, steered, and fought is of amazing delicacy and intricacy. Every revolving part has to be perfectly balanced so as to be free from vibrations when the powerful engines are throbbing and

the tank is pounding over ditches and walls. There are over 6000 parts in a tank and these require about 50,000 operations in machining and assembling them. So exact are some of the machining operations that the tool has to work true to a five-thousandth of an inch.

For seven days a week our engineers are working in twelve-hour shifts to produce these massive but delicate engines of war. Tanks big and small are the essential weapons of the army now. Their speed and strength have revolutionised all ideas of making war, as steam revolutionised industrial practice two centuries ago.

The British engineers have proved to the world that they can make better aeroplanes than those of any rival, and we may rest assured that the tanks now being made in their thousands will be of the same high standard.

IN HALF AN HOUR

Life is curiously interesting if we have eyes to see. One of our readers sends us a note of these things that he saw within half an hour.

A great dog with its fore paws on the counter at the bank waiting for a biscuit from the cashier.

A tile slipping from a roof and falling a yard away from a lady passing by.

A cart drawn by two great horned bullocks with brown and white coats.

How many odd things did you see on your last walk?

JUST FATHER

The other day a new probationer nurse brought the morning cup of tea into a ward in a Caithness hospital. An aged patient was in a chatty mood, and when the nurse patted up her pillow she said:

An' what's your name, lassie?

Elizabeth Sinclair.

An' hev ye any brithers an' sisters?

Oh yes.

And what do they work at?

Well, ma sister she's milking the coos at the castle, and ma brither he's driving a lorry at Todhall, and ma mither's serving in the canteen at Thurso.

My, isn't that fine? An' what does your feyther do?

Oh, him? He's just the Air Minister.

PLENTY OF HAY

The crop of hay this year is abundant and there has been early cutting, although in many cases this has not been possible through shortage of labour. Good hay, always a blessing, is particularly fortunate for this year.

Sweet silage is being increasingly made by farmers. Silage is grass stored away from air; it ferments and gives a valuable winter feeding-stuff. If preserved with molasses the fermentation is controlled very much as sugar preserves fruit in the making of jam.

THE FARMER'S BOY

Boys from elementary schools can get assistance to pass directly from school life to our farms. After 12 weeks training they can start with paid work on the land.

While housing and training the boys the farmers will receive 12s a week for four weeks, 8s a week for four weeks, and 4s a week for a further four weeks. After this the lads will be paid the normal wages. A proposal that boys of 13 should work two half-days a week on the land has not been approved. Boys or their parents can get full details from Local Authorities.

BALLOON BARRAGE

All balloon barrages are not concerned with war; Hollywood has just introduced one of another kind.

For years the technical men of the film industry have experimented to find an insulating material which would keep the noise of plane engines from the delicate recording apparatus used in making talkies. Planes passing over the studios have often spoiled recordings.

Now an orange balloon filled with helium hovers above the 27-acre Paramount studios in the film city when filming is in progress, and aerodromes having been notified of the signal, planes give the district a wide berth.

Saving Commonsense

GUARDING against surprise and novel infamies by the enemy, the Government has promised Parliament that it will take steps to see that bogus orders from Nazi sources shall not reach our troops.

Such a thing is unlikely, but we have seen to what infamous uses wireless can be turned in unscrupulous hands, not only by the setting up of German stations calling themselves British, but by the broadcasting of spurious orders to ships at sea, and the spreading of lies

abroad. The danger is new, as must be the technique for meeting and countering it.

We may be sure that the British instinct is too sound and wary for our fighting men to be lured into laying down their arms in any field of action at the bidding of an English-speaking German.

Wireless is a marvellous medium of communication, but commonsense and judgment are still our sovereign censors, correcting any falsities that may be spread abroad.

COMPETITION RESULT

In C N Competition Number 99 the two best entries were sent in by Audrey Dawson, 5, Eric Road, Wallasey, Cheshire; and Claude Riches, 3, Monks Park Road, Northampton. A prize of ten shillings has been sent to each of these readers.

The 15 prizes of half-a-crown were awarded to the following:

Michael Baron, Nelson; Audrey Baxter, Disley; Elisabeth Brown, Edinburgh; Sheila Bush, Shirley; Mavis Cross, Whitecroft, I.O.W.; Joyce Crumpleholme, Bolton; Joy Downs, Wilmslow; Evelyn Gray, Aberdeen; Jean Hatcher, Chalfont St Peter; D. M. Jennens, Solihull; Nigel Mason, Liverpool; Mary Mearman, Shanklin, I.O.W.; Constance Pattinson, Carlisle; Ian Randall, Sutton; Elizabeth Rubery, Wolverhampton.

THE OLD REFRIGERATOR

The refrigerator has in our time become a welcome addition to many a humble household owing to the widespread use of gas and electricity, but who would have expected a 600-year-old refrigerator? Yet this was one of the most interesting objects in the sale of the treasures of the late Mr Eumorfopoulos at Sotheby's the other day, when it was bought for £1600.

It was a bronze cooling-vessel from Mesopotamia with the outside entirely covered by engraved and silver inlaid designs, mostly of Christian subjects. Within it is a hollow for snow, which was brought down from the mountains of Syria and used to cool beverages, a practice still maintained today in that hot country.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Make fresh sowings of radishes in a shaded spot. Plant out savoys, and make successional sowings of spinach. Sow turnips; and thin previous sowings.

Syringe wall-trees frequently, and water thoroughly all trees that require it. Pear trees on walls should have their early shoots pinched or cut back to six inches. The most luxuriant shoots of standard and dwarf fruit-trees should also be pinched.



The Flying Tars

Seamen fitters overhauling a plane of the Fleet Air Arm

SWITZERLAND TO ITS PEOPLE IN POLAND'S HOUR OF NEED

The Swiss army authorities have issued the following order in the land of vineyards:

It is with satisfaction that the Army finds how eager the civil population is to show its sympathy with our soldiers by attentions whether in camp, or on the march, or at work.

Experience has always shown that alcoholic drinks do not help men when marching, but produce a certain amount of fatigue.

This is why alcohol is forbidden during hours of work. Persons who really wish to help our men on a fatiguing march will please offer them fruits, tea, milk, or water, but not fermented cider or other alcoholic drinks.

However well-meaning people may be, such drinks will only render the task of our soldiers more trying, and it will be a breach of discipline.

A LIST OF THOSE AT HOME?

Dear Editor, We must all be prepared for danger in our midst. Would not a list of everyone in each house enable those directing affairs to know if any were missing when mishaps occurred?

It would facilitate the tracing of each person as the need arose.

If people or houses were grouped in tens or fifties, one or more householders could be made responsible for the lists, as well as each householder for his own list. A return (say) twice a month to the House Officer would ensure correct returns if a Senior and Junior were appointed to each 50.

The Police or Wardens could inspect the lists from time to time and check them, and this plan should add to the difficulties of Fifth Column folk when occasion made it necessary to trace them.

Yours truly, Wm. A. CLARK.

Polonium is the rare metal Madame Curie found while tracking down radium, and she named it after her native Poland. For years it has seemed a useless metal, but at last, in Poland's hour of need, polonium is coming into use. It is being employed in microscopic quantities in sparking plugs to add to their efficiency.

So after 30 years it comes into our daily life, and forms a curious parallel with tantalum, which entered on a commercial career about the time polonium was discovered. Tantalum obtained its name more than a century ago, when Ekeberg found it after a most tantalising search, and till the beginning of this century remained a mere scientific curiosity. Then it was used for electric lamp filaments. It never fetched the £40,000 an ounce which polonium still commands.

It is interesting to note that polonium (named after Poland) comes into its own while Poland lies in ruins.

AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY

America, with valuable mines in California, should benefit by the cutting off of Italian supplies of mercury from Britain. Italy and Spain have long been our chief European sources, the Italians having perfected the production whereas the Spaniards keep to their old methods and have to cease during the summer owing to lack of water for distilling processes.

Mercury is sold by the bottle, or flask, Italy producing 60,000 bottles a year as against America's 16,500, valued at £500,000.



The Swiss Family Robinson

A scene from the new R K O Radio picture, showing the Swiss Family Robinson hoisting the flag on their new island home

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet; the cradle of the journalism of the world



WE OR A GANG

IN this country we put our hands into our own pockets cheerfully for the sake of our country.

In Germany a gang at the top rifles the pockets of the nation, and of other nations.

Here we, round up our own Fifth Column, but it is we who are doing it, not a gang at the top.

We cheerfully submit to restrictions demanded from us by our Government, put there by ourselves; it is not a gang at the top.

Don't Botha

WE hear little now of Mr Chamberlain's peace umbrella, but a correspondent reminds us of one occasion when the umbrella was wittily brought into the falk of war. It was in the South African War, when General Botha and De Wet, the marvellous guerilla leaders, were in the papers every morning. In those days an umbrella shop in Oxford Street had sandwichmen parading outside with boards, on which were printed, "Don't Botha about De Wet."

The Faith of Our Soldiers

THE spirit of the Lord is upon me because He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, to set at liberty them that are bruised.

Luke 4

A Son's Advice to His Father

A FAITHFUL reader of the C N writes to question the truth of the story we told of a Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, not long ago; it has been told of another nobleman, and also of a dean, he says. But our friend sends us another story of Lord Rosebery which he knows to be true, and which the present Lord Rosebery will perhaps remember.

When the present peer was a boy at Eton it was arranged that his father should address the school, and the son wrote to the Prime Minister begging him not to dish up the old story that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, as "if you do, they will only laugh at you, Dad."

The Waste That Goes On and On

IT is wicked and unpatriotic that petrol should be wasted over dog racing and horse racing.

An officer writes to point out that his important home command is allowed only enough petrol for himself and his platoon commander, although speed is the essence of his work. While thus denied the means of locomotion, he sees petrol wasted on minor race meetings which, being far from the railway, employ much fuel.

Petrol is brought to our shores by tankers which have to run the gauntlet of enemy attacks. Many merchant seamen have perished in this arduous duty, to say nothing of the extra strain imposed on the Royal Navy.

It galls us to think of heroism being exploited to provide bookmakers with a living and idlers with a pastime.

A Soldier's Home

WE rejoice to record that the High Court of Justice dismissed as a "gross misuse of the processes of the Court" an application by a Building Society to obtain possession of a house which a serving soldier had left in the charge of his wife. The wife, the judge held, was not wrongfully in possession, but was in possession with the leave of the husband.

In such a case the law, common sense, and common humanity are in excellent agreement.

VERY OLD

WE like that story of a little girl of seven, an evacuee from London now in Devon (near Sir Walter Raleigh's birth-place) who had been to see an old church with her hostess. Much impressed with what she learnt of the age of the church, she did not comprehend the dates and figures, and was heard to say in the bus the other day, to the delight of all the passengers, "Do look quickly at this lovely old church; it is very, very old—something B C."

JUST AN IDEA

That is a true saying we read on a wayside board the other day—that there is always a new horizon for those who look onward.

OUR CHANCE IN THESE DARK HOURS

THE Roman philosopher Seneca wrote that great men rise above adversity as heroic soldiers triumph in war.

The words are a challenge. While it is true that in one sense we have reason to complain, the right to be pessimistic, and good cause to feel that life is harsh, we may very well regard our present affliction as a magnificent opportunity for striking a blow in the name of right and freedom.

Terrible as the fight is, grave as is the danger, we are engaged in a task for which we are peculiarly fitted; it is to us that there has fallen the privilege of attempting to make the world safer and happier and to get rid of the curse of war and the rule of force. If we fail in this tremendous task our failure will mean that over a great part of the world night will fall, civilisation will give place to barbarity, knowledge to ignorance, goodwill to fear. But if we win, it must follow that for us and for countless millions there will be a new heaven and a new earth.

Let us, therefore, rejoice in our adversity and the opportunity it brings. We are living in the darkest period of our history, but if we remain steadfast, if we endure without flinching, if we serve the cause with all our powers, our reward will be that after the storm will come a calm such as the world has rarely known before.

A German Tells the Truth

It is interesting now to recall what a German historian, Dr Wilhelm Dibelius, has to say about Britain in his book on England, published in 1922. Dibelius says:

ENGLAND quietly grows, wavering its flag as seldom as possible. When it does hoist its flag the place generally happens to be some sterile promontory or cape, which represents no great loss to the Power that yields it up, but gives a most powerful position into the hands of a naval nation.

But the fact remains that Britain is the solitary Great Power which has never injured the vital interest of another European people by annexation, and it is a fact of immeasurable moral effect in a period dominated by the principle of nationality.

Again Dibelius says:

England is the one country in the world that, looking after its own interest with meticulous care, has at the same time something to give to others; the one country where patriotism does not represent a threat or challenge to the rest of the world. Britain is the solitary Great Power with a national programme which, egotistic through and through, at the same time promises to the world as a whole something which the world passionately desires—order, progress, and eternal peace.

TRUE STORY

A LITTLE boy saying his prayers asks God to take care of his Daddy at the war, and adds: And please, God, do take care of yourself; I don't know what we should do if anything happened to you.

THE CREEKS THAT How Nature Made t

WHO would have thought it possible that the fiords of Norway, the delight of thousands of travellers, could have come into the drama of a World War? Now that they have settled down to a wartime existence, under the Nazi Heel, we may look again at these remarkable creeks that leaped so dramatically into history. They are one of Nature's oldest kingdoms. There is nothing like them in the age-old structure of the earth.

Piled up in masses often miles high, they bear on their shoulders the forces with which Nature made her roads, fashioned the mighty peaks, and dug out the ocean beds.

Picture a square mile of barren rock and add to it 75,000 more, running down to the Atlantic, reaching the ice and snow about the Pole, with incalculable pressures of ice and snow sweeping down on them from the tops of the world and from the beginning of time, cracking the rocks so that the sea rushes in and fills the crevices. The crevices are the fiords.

The Old Sea Rovers

In them lived men who once before brought Norway into history, striking terror to the heart of Europe. These creeks were the haunts of the old sea rovers who plundered the coasts of Europe and sailed to America before Columbus. Three times they captured Paris. They settled in France and gave the world the Norman duke who fought at Hastings and was crowned at Westminster. Men from these mountain creeks ruled as kings in Ireland before Alfred ruled in England.

The greatness of these mountains never wearies the traveller, for if the masses overwhelm us the birches and pines that clothe the lower slopes are an enchantment; the waterfalls dash down from some stupendous height; the roadside is alive with flowers; and there is always a lake round the curve of the hills, a cataract rushing over the boulders, or a glacier glistening in the sun.

There are ant-hills in hundreds, and peat-bogs which tell us that the bare sea-coast of Norway was once clothed with forests. We love the small troughs into which a rough-and-ready pipe brings water for the horses; we smile at the odd little telegraph post perched up on some great boulder; but perhaps we are most curious about the long wire that reaches from the roadside up into the hills beyond our sight. Who put it there, and how, and why?

The Hilltop Pasture

There is the spirit of Norway in that, for up there, at the other end of this wire, is a human life. Perched in some level place is a Norwegian sater, the dwelling like an eagle's nest on some small pasture, where a peasant woman, perhaps two, are living with the cows. They live at the top through the summer months, sending milk down the wire twice a day in cans tied to a string, or keeping it up there to make into butter and cheese. Perhaps they are the loneliest workers in the world, but millions of workers in cities are less happy than they.

It is the making of roads that consumes so much of the energy of the men of Norway, and we marvel that there can be roads and homes in such places, until we remember what masters of Nature these mountain people are—how they seize on the conditions about them and shape them to their uses; how readily they adapt the world to their own needs. Only the genius of a race that is never weary can make a homeland in this world of rock. Every few yards we notice a groove in some sheer piece of rock, and know that it is the mark of the drill-hole bored when the rocks were split to make the road. On one side the rocks rise to an enormous height; on the other they go down to an enormous depth.

Harnessed Waterfalls

We ride on a ledge cut out of a mountain-side, and nothing could save us if our ponies were to leap between the boulders at the edge of the precipice.

Not only the boulders and the drill-holes speak to us of the labour of these people; even the falling water sings of their clever brains and their untiring hands. The water dashes down for ever, sometimes in torrents from the top, sometimes in trickles that meet and form a rushing stream, and the water is caught—picked up in a wooden trough to turn a wheel for cutting wood or grinding corn, or directed to pipes and carried to drive machinery for light and power. Norway is not baffled by the immensities of Nature. She carves her ways through mountains, flings her bridges

While the



A member of the Women's

Under the Editor's Table

A PARISH Council in Kent has had the same cheque book for 45 years. You cannot say it is of no account.

NAZI parachutists often adopt disguises. They will descend to anything.

EVERY family should save its bacon rind. It will be better off.

SHOULD a Scout always stay at his post? someone asks. Depends on what time the post goes.

A REMOVAL firm in a certain district is going to move. It will have to shift for itself.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a knife-grinder ever finds things dull

MAKING a hedge is a long job. But you get through it.

THE key to a girl's good looks is often her hair. Where you expect to find locks.

MOST hikers have decided opinions. But they don't carry weight.

ALL London children are not sharp at lessons. But they know how to look sharp.

To get a job well done you must put yourself into it. Especially when making a bed.

LEAP INTO HISTORY

The Norwegian Fiords

over valleys, turns recesses of mountain heights into smiling pastures; and harnesses her waterfalls.

If we talk to the boys as we ride we find that nearly every boy has a brother in America. The great sea calls the sons of Norway, and this little land, with such fine work for her young men to do, is losing them. They go from these glorious valleys, from the quiet life of this very home of Nature, to the rush of the roaring cities of the West—farmers in Canada, engineers in Philadelphia, or any one of a hundred things which give them the chance a quiet valley cannot give. But if the great sea calls them the waterfalls with their promise of power may bring them back.

It is grinding ice and falling water that have made Norway what she is. Her thousands of waterfalls are beautiful to look at, so varied that we never tire of them—now leaping over jagged cliffs with a mighty roar, now running softly down a gentle slope. At times the water seems as still as the rocks themselves. Like a vein in marble the great white streak lies down the length of the mountainside, and we ride towards it for half an hour and see no sign of moving.

The Mills of God

But we come to it at last, and hear the sound that has never been still in human memory. It is like the sound of ages past; it is the grinding of the mills of God. Will the waters never stop? Will they still be falling in a thousand years, as they fell a thousand years ago when King

Olaf stood here watching them? The answer is that they will still be falling in a million years; that nothing on the earth can stop them while the mountains stand. Up beyond the snow-white peaks that glisten in the sun, stretching hundreds of miles at a dazzling height above us, is the most tremendous field of ice in Europe, with nothing in the Alps to equal it, with few things in civilisation than can compare with it.

We climb over rocks, make our way through boulder masses, walk by running streams, until we reach a woodland, and here, by a grass path under the hazel-trees, we come out on the edge of a glacier, with gigantic towers of ice, deep crevices of blue snow, and mighty volumes of water emptying out of it into the valley below.

Hills as Changing Shadows

Like a child's see-saw is Norway in the hands of the Shaper of the Earth, rising and falling, falling and rising, so that we find traces of the sea still on the mountain heights, and tracts of sand and gravel between the granite hills which could only have been carried by the waves. On these patches, mixed with clay and sand and shingle, the scattered people of the mountains live, and we know that they owe their homesteads up there to the fact that an ocean tide once swept their little meadows. Up there, where the birds are flying, lie the remains of whales. It is all weird and wonderful, bringing to mind the thought of Tennyson, who saw the hills as changing shadows, flowing from form to form. These mighty changes go on still, but the butterfly is not disturbed on the wing, the tiny lakes are calm, and the rose leaves do not tremble.

Sometimes the clouds come down to meet the valley, long banks of cloud resting on the terraces where the sea rolled ages since. Then these rocks are like a path from earth to heaven, and the waterfalls seem to come from the sky. Perhaps there is no sight anywhere more like the ruins of a world than to see these floating banks among the mountain peaks, to watch the moving masses of the sky and catch sight of solid land at dazzling heights. It is then, seeing the mountains sinking in a sea of cloud, that we seem to feel the presence of the mysterious forces working in the solid mass of Norway.

Life Goes On

For ages these forces have been at work, so that there are blocks of granite lying about in Russia which have been carried by trains of ice from the mountains of the fiords, and they are not less active now, for the pine-woods that cover these mountain-sides with summer glory are being slowly uplifted to the limits of the snow, where they wither in the cold, and stand like a fringe of death forbidding Life to climb.

But Life goes on and death is conquered. It is something that men should have built up a nation here in these fastnesses that seem to be impenetrable; it is the triumph of the spirit that will not die.

CN CALLING

We may not climb the heavenly steep
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deep,
For Him no depths can drown.
But warm, sweet, tender, even yet

A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.
John Greenleaf Whittier

SLEEP

Blessings light on him who first
invented this same sleep! It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak. It is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. It is the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap, and the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man, even. There is only one thing, which somebody once put into my head, that I dislike in sleep; it is, that it resembles death; there is very little difference between a man in his first sleep, and a man in his last sleep. Cervantes

Touch us Gently, Gentle Time

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently, as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three
(One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead).

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we
O'er Life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime.
Touch us gently, gentle Time!
Bryan Waller Procter

DEATH CLOSES ALL

Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him! Washington Irving

It Fortifies My Soul to Know

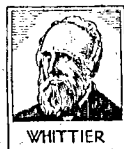
It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so;
That, howsoever I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.
Arthur Hugh Clough

The Richest Country and the Richest Man

THERE is no wealth but Life—
Life including all its powers
of love, of joy, and of admiration.
That country is the richest
which nourishes the greatest
number of noble and happy
human beings; that man is the
richest who, having perfected the
functions of his own life to the
utmost, has also the widest help-
ful influence, both personal and
by means of his possessions, over
the lives of others. John Ruskin

THE SAME TODAY

It once upon His earthly day
He passed my way,
And once amid the throng and press
I touched His dress,
I should recall through sun and shade
The change it made,
That Love had walked in form
Divine
These paths of mine.
Yet Lord Thou art the same today
When skies are grey
Or sunlight pours its flood of gold
In wealth untold. E. E. Trusted



CARRY ON

THOU WILT NOT TURN THY FACE AWAY

This stirring hymn by Sir Henry Newbolt (whose poetry is an inspiration at all times) may be warmly commended to all congregations in these days. It is in Songs of Praise.

O LORD Almighty, Thou whose hands
Despair and victory give;
In whom, though tyrants tread
their lands,
The souls of nations live:

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away
From those who work Thy will,
But send Thy peace on hearts
that pray,
And guard Thy people still.

Remember not the days of shame,
The hands with rapine dyed,
The wavering will, the baser aim,
The brute material pride:

Remember, Lord, the years of faith,
The spirits humbly brave,

The strength that died defying death,
The love that loved the slave:

The race that strove to rule
Thine earth
With equal laws unbought:

Who bore for Truth the pangs of birth,
And brake the bonds of Thought.

Remember how, since time began,
Thy dark eternal mind
Through lives of men that fear not man
Is light for all mankind.

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away
From those who work Thy will,
But send Thy strength on hearts
that pray
For strength to serve Thee still.

THE ENGLAND PASSING AWAY

THE paths trodden by the foot-
steps of ages were broken
up; old things were passing
away, and the faith and the life
of ten centuries were dissolving
like a dream.

Chivalry was dying; the abbey
and the castle were soon together
to crumble into ruins; and all
the forms, desires, beliefs, con-
victions of the old world were
passing away, never to return.
A new continent had risen up
beyond the western sea. The
floor of heaven, illaid with stars,
had sunk back into an infinite
abyss of immeasurable space;
and the firm earth itself, unfixed
from its foundations, was seen to
be but a small atom in the vast-
ness of the Universe.

And now it is all gone—like an
unsubstantial pageant faded;
and between us and old England
there lies a gulf of mystery which
the prose of the historian will
never adequately bridge. They
cannot come to us, and our
imagination can but feebly pene-
trate to them. Only among the
aisles of the cathedrals, only as
we gaze upon their silent figures
sleeping on their tombs, some
faint conceptions float before us
of what these men were when
they were alive; and perhaps
in the sound of church bells, that
peculiar creation of medieval age,
which falls upon the ear like the
echo of a vanished world.

J. A. Froude, writing of
England 400 years ago

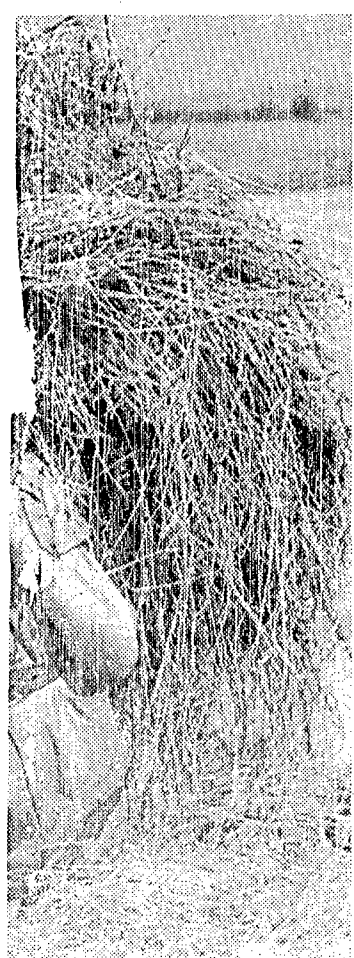
The Image in the Well

ALL men who know not where
to look for truth save in the
narrow well of self will find their
own image at the bottom, and
mistake it for what they are
seeking. Lowell

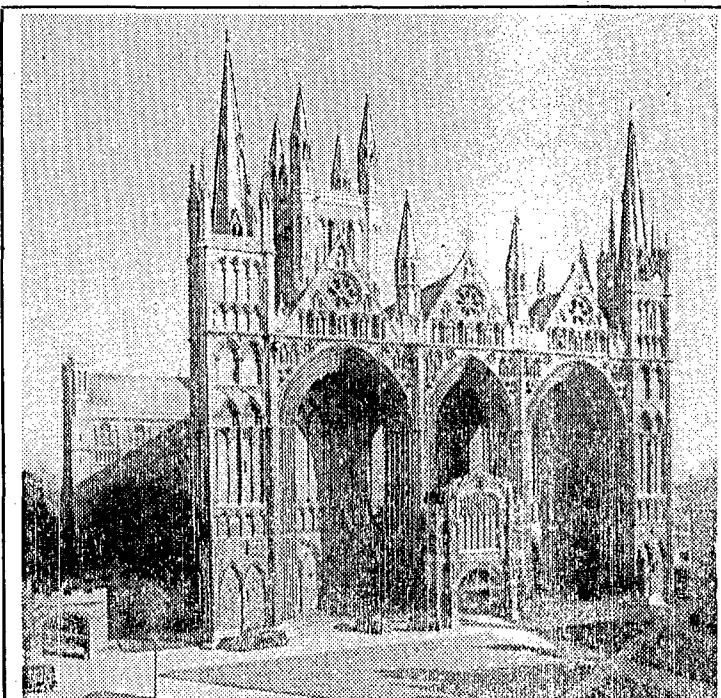
A Prayer For the Fight

TRACE my pathway among
men,
Show me how to strike, and
when,
Take me to the fight—and then,
O, be nigh! Conan Doyle

Sun Shines



ys' Land Army making hay



Beginning early in the 12th century, it took over a hundred years to build Peterborough Cathedral. It was then the church of a monastery and it did not achieve the dignity of a cathedral until 1541 when Peterborough became a bishopric. The magnificent west front, shown here, was restored late last century

ARIADNE'S GLORIOUS CROWN

The Twin Suns of Alphecca

THE planets Jupiter and Saturn, writes the C.N. astronomer, are now an interesting feature of the early morning sky and may be easily recognised well above the eastern horizon, as they appear close together and are the brightest objects to be seen there. Their apparent distance apart is, at present, about eight times the width of the Moon.

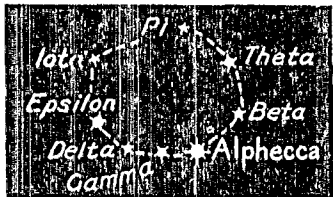
In the early morning of Sunday next, June 30, the crescent Moon will be a little way to the right of them and at a somewhat higher altitude, thus presenting an attractive spectacle. It so happens that later in the day the Moon will pass in front of both Jupiter and Saturn, thus occulting them, as astronomers say. In the case of Jupiter this will happen about one o'clock when the planet will appear to pass behind the upper part of the Moon. Then in the evening about seven o'clock Saturn will appear to pass behind the lower part of the Moon; but as the Moon will be round the other side of the Earth at these times, these events can only be seen from parts of the Western Hemisphere.

By the following morning, July 1, the crescent Moon will be a considerable way to the left of Jupiter and Saturn and much nearer to the horizon. Before or in the early dawn will be a good time to look, when Jupiter is very brilliant, but Saturn, which is a little to the left of him, is of course not nearly so bright. They will gradually get closer together and remain so until next year, an unusual circumstance; meanwhile they are coming nearer to us and consequently appearing brighter week by week. At present Jupiter is about 475 million miles away and Saturn about 870 million.

The absence of the Moon permits the stellar glories of the evening sky to be observed now. Very interesting is the group which has been known for the last 3000 years as a crown of stars. To the ancient Greeks it was Ariadne's Crown, the

stars symbolising the crown which Theseus bestowed upon her for aiding his escape from the famous Labyrinth.

This almost circular ring of eight stars is now known as the Northern Crown, or Corona Borealis, and will be readily recognised a little way to the south of overhead, as soon as the sky is dark enough. Brilliant Alphecca is its brightest jewel and is actually a twin-sun system, each sun very similar to Sirius and much larger than ours, pouring out about 40 times more light. They average only 9,560,000 miles apart and rapidly revolve round a central point in only 17½ days. But they are 61 light-years' journey distant



The chief stars forming the Northern Crown

from us and so about seven times farther than Sirius.

Gamma is also composed of two suns which are at a distance of 148 light-years; these are 3070 miles apart, the smaller sun revolving like a fiery planet round an immense central sun once in 87½ years; this compares with the 84½ years which Uranus takes to revolve round our Sun.

Delta is still farther, at a distance of 233 light-years' journey, but little Iota is but 108 light-years distant, while spectroscopic measurements show that Beta is 201 light-years distant, and that Epsilon is 148 light-years away. So, were we much nearer to the stars of the Northern Crown, the effect of a circle would be lost.

G. F. M.

News by Pedal Wireless

It was over the invaluable pedal wireless that the story of a drover's fight against death first trickled across Central Australia not long ago.

Jack Hayes, an Adelaide drover, with three aborigines to help him, was driving cattle from the North to South Australia. All went well until they came to the sandy wastes. The land was covered with thousands of dreaded sandhills and every waterhole they came to was dry. The horses began to die like flies, and soon there was only one left out of 21. It was no use going on, and the drover decided to turn back and make for their last "live" water-hole, which had the sinister name of Dead Man's Sandhill. Luckily there was still a little water there, and the men filled their water-bags and set

out for Clifton Hills Station, driving the scarecrow of a horse, which by this time was in no condition to be ridden.

Jack Hayes and his companions were struggling on in the blazing sun when all at once they heard a rushing noise and saw what they thought to be a mirage—only mirages do not make noises! It was a swiftly-running creek! Hardly believing his eyes, the drover plunged in it and started to swim to the other side; but he could not make headway against the current, and he who had nearly died of thirst would have had a watery grave had not one of the natives rescued him. It was a very exhausted party that finally staggered into Clifton Hills Station, after an experience they never want to repeat.

Strange Creatures in Africa

A More Friendly Mexico

Liberia, the Negro republic on the West Coast of Africa, has come into the news.

The wild jungles of the country have been visited by a zoological mission from America, the friendly republic which established Liberia as a colony for freed American slaves more than a century ago. Dr Williams, leader of the expedition, reveals the finding of various rare animals, a pygmy squirrel no bigger than a mouse; some new lemuroids, the lowest of the monkey tribe with saucer-like eyes; and miniature duiker antelopes, sometimes eyed by the natives to have four eyes (though two of them are really slits for breathing by the side of the nose), and, strangest of all, a rat two feet long. We hope Liberia will keep that to itself.

President Cardenas by his recent denunciation of the Dictators of Europe revealed a new attitude to the world which has been developing in Mexico.

The bitterness toward the United States is dying down and even the oilfield controversy does not arouse the fury it did a year ago.

The war has brought difficulties to this industry in its early stages of government control, for Germany and Italy were sharing with this country the 18,000,000 barrels exported. Twenty years ago she exported ten times that amount and experts declare that she could do it again if she could find the markets and the tankers to carry it. Indeed three tankers were being built for her in Italy when that country declared war.

Science Must Have Faith

SIR RICHARD GREGORY'S NEW BOOK

Religion in Science and Civilisation. By Sir Richard Gregory. Macmillan, 12s 6d.

There will be few who dare deny today that a noble faith at the heart of civilisation is the most imperative need of the world. Sir Richard Gregory's new book assumes this at the beginning and traces the ancient history of the higher aspirations of mankind.

No man is more eminently fitted to devote himself to this great task, for the long life of Sir Richard Gregory has been one of high endeavour in the pursuit of truth and the uplifting of the human standard. Stars, flowers, thoughts, the surface of the earth and the firmament above it, have all been one in the conception of this veteran apostle of science.

Sir Richard believes, as the C.N. has been preaching all its life, that there is a power within us that makes for righteousness, and he traces the expression of this power (the growth of the divine spark in man) from age to age. Even the astrologers of olden times (unlike the mercenary star quacks of Fleet Street) had the upward striving within them, and the forms of faith have taken a thousand shapes. We find them expressed in temples, pyramids, myths, philosophies, and sacred books from the days of ancient Egypt until now.

The Things that Matter

It is a curious and melancholy reflection that in the long search for truth ages of controversy have been spent on subjects of no importance whatever today. He is wise who fixes his gaze, as this book does, on the things that matter from this day on into eternity. From its very last words we gather the faith that is in it—that the higher view of life expressed by Faith is needed if Science is to be worth while and to fulfil its destiny. Without the ethical conception all the powers that science gives to man must fall to naught and worse than naught—they must end in the spectacle of human debauchment which a pagan Nazism has brought upon mankind.

WE MUST ALL BUY LESS

The Government has taken further steps to compel us to buy less. Home Trade is cut by a third in hundreds of common articles that are not essentials.

The makers and sellers of the articles have to give an account of how much they sold in the six months ended November 30, 1939. Taking this as the standard period, the goods of the sort supplied in the six months June 6 to November 30 are to be cut down by one-third.

So that, however much money we have, we must cut our purchases by a third.

We cannot name all the articles cut, but they include gloves, knitted apparel, lace, furs, mattresses, carpets, pottery, glassware, metal furniture, cutlery, spoons, forks, pots and pans, trunks and bags, cameras, musical instruments, toys, cosmetics, and domestic machinery. The retail value of these things last year was £250,000,000.

The object of this drastic legislation is to divert spending to the making of war goods and to divert manufactures to the export market in order to obtain more imports of war goods.

Smith Minor tells us that, as he has already had his pocket-money cut by a half, he will not be able to buy even two-thirds of what he bought last year.

THERE IS A FLAW IN HITLER'S STEEL

We feel that these passages from a speech by Mr Harold Nicolson should be broadcast wherever it is possible for men and women to read them in these days of dark events. Mr Nicolson, who is under Mr Duff Cooper at the Ministry of Information, is one of the most effective of our public speakers and has one of the best-informed minds in Europe.

THE German army drives onwards like some great machine relying upon perfection of its mechanism.

Yet the steel of which it is composed contains a flaw, and the very mechanical nature of this dreadful engine of destruction exposes it, when disaster occurs, to complete collapse. It was this that happened in 1918, and it is this that will happen again.

We do not always realise how unendurable is the evil against which we are now fighting. It is not only that Hitler and his confederates have for seven years been skilfully planning the destruction of the French and British people. It is not only that they are determined to seize our possessions and to suppress our liberties. It is not merely that they aim at obtaining complete mastery, first of Europe and then of the world, and at forcing the symbol of Christianity into the crooked, tortured shape of the swastika.

It is not merely that they are the declared enemies of all those virtues which mankind in two thousand years of gradually expanding civilisation has sought to establish, namely the virtues of truth, gentleness, and honour.

It is not merely that they seek to crush the soul of man, to destroy the liberated mind of man, and to reduce individual men and women with their different temperaments and their individual independent thoughts to the level of a swarm of bees in a hive. It is that they have brought back into the world the two greatest evils which mankind has known, namely cruelty and fear.

When I contemplate the savagery of their attack; when I reflect upon the turpitude of their methods;

when my heart is wrung with pity for those small but valued nations whose liberties they have trampled in the mud; when I think how the ambition of these evil men has spread death and fire over peaceful cities or over fields basking in the loveliest summer there has ever been; when I look forward with sorrow, but without fear, to the ordeals to which our own beloved country is to be exposed; I am filled with profound unhappiness that such wicked things should come to pass.

But when I realise that behind all these iniquities is the greatest iniquity of all, the revival of cruelty and fear, I find that my sorrow and my unhappiness are but weak things in comparison with the surge of anger which arises in my soul.

Upon the men and women of this country rests a responsibility which far transcends any personal, any selfish, or even any patriotic considerations. The character of our people will be put to such a test as the Elizabethans met with valour, and our forefathers in the early 19th century endured to victory. Yet I say this, in all confidence and in all pride: we are prepared, as the Prime Minister said in his historic speech, to fight to the bitter end. There will be no surrender. And when by October next Hitler realises that he has missed his tiger spring and that the great resources of our Empire are day by day and hour by hour accumulating against him forces of destruction far greater than he can compass, then the nerves of the German people will crack suddenly and their great edifice of aggression will crumble to the ground.

MAN AND HIS WONDERFUL MACHINES

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. Modern machines are so wonderful that I often think of trying to become an engineer. It must be splendid to make machines and to invent new ones.

Man. In the domain of applied science there is no nobler work than engineering. The engineer shapes the modern world and is really the greatest of reformers. In fact, his inventions compel us to reform. The statesman is too often found limping after him.

Boy. Inventing a machine is not much use unless it is used.

Man. We may go farther than that. We have not only to use machines; we have to prevent their being used for bad ends.

Boy. Do you mind explaining?

Man. Well, take the case of the modern printing-machine. The paper is fed to it from big rolls and the machine takes it, prints on it, cuts it up, and delivers newspapers ready for sale. So millions of copies of a paper are miraculously produced in a few hours, to be read in millions of homes. What is printed is another matter; it may be right or wrong, helpful or harmful. So it is with all inventions. The engineer supplies the means; what is done with them is for thought. The world suffers because machines are too often abused.

Boy. That is not the fault of the engineer!

Man. No, the engineer is called upon to aid work, to help to create plenty, to make machines to keep men alive; he is also employed to fashion guns and warships and aeroplanes with which to kill. Today we see him mainly called on to fashion instruments of destruc-

tion which, if invented in one country, are promptly copied by all.

Boy. I suppose many inventions serve both peace and war?

Man. That is so. The aeroplane, like the ship, is a case in point. Invented without special reference to war, it has become a chief war instrument. Improved for war, it is helped to become a commonplace instrument of peace.

Boy. That makes me feel that I want to be an engineer and more than that; I would like to have some power, if only a little, to say how machines should be used.

Man. That power you will have as a citizen when you grow up. You will be able to help to choose representatives of opinion and to influence government. If you study things closely, and learn to express yourself with voice and pen, you may not only vote for yourself but move others to vote for what you believe to be right.

Boy. A fine life—to be making engines and making opinion too!

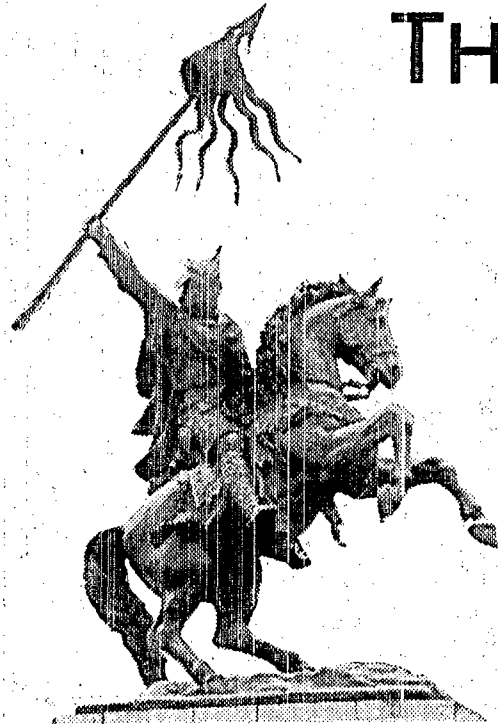
Man. Yes, those who do things are best qualified to speak of what should be done. Learn to do; learn to act; learn to reason. That is the road to a full and happy life, crowded with days of fulfilment.

Bent and Wrinkled

A bent and wrinkled old lady walked into the headquarters of the National Savings Campaign at Leeds carrying a handbag almost too heavy for her. It was found to contain £10 in threepenny bits and pennies—her life savings, which she handed over with the remark: 'The country needs it more than I do.'

THE CONQUEROR AND THE MAID

By Arthur Mee



William the Conqueror

ROUEN has fallen—Joan's Rouen—the old-world town in which they burned her in the market-place. It is one of the gates of Normandy, for most of us a foreign land that looks like home. It is like a piece of England broken off.

And what a wondrous tale it is, the tale of a hilltop in sorrowful France at the top of which we meet the Conqueror and at the bottom the Maid!

In the peaceful days of the world we ride about this beautiful countryside and think we are in Kent. The great elms throw their shadows across the winding roads. The orchards are crammed with apple trees, and we ride through avenue after avenue that brings us out upon a landscape of green fields, so dear to English eyes. We are in the home of the Normans, but the hamlets are like the hamlets of the Sussex Downs; the face of Nature hereabouts is familiar to us.

The red-tiled roofs and the little church towers all seem to say that we have been this way before. We ride about all day and half expect the car to stop at our own door.

And truly it is not the little roads, the green fields, and the clustering hamlets only, not only the friendly faces of the peasants

and the familiar aspect of all living things, that make us at home in this land; it is not the knowledge that Normandy is nearer to London than Scotland is. There is something more vital than that in the nearness of this country to an English heart.

The things that stir our hearts are here, the things that lie back in the beginning of our history. Viking and Norman and Dane are we, and all meet in this little land. Out of it came to us something that has shaped our story for eight hundred years, and the thrill of it is around

us wherever we look. Here, if anywhere, lie the springs of the pride and pity that every Englishman must feel who dearly loves his country.

Here came the only man who ever conquered us. Here lies that King of England's heart that we are told was like a lion. Out of here came Robert Bruce. Here was done the blackest deed the British flag has ever looked upon. Here took place the most pathetic scene that Shakespeare could conceive.

Truly it is something more than what we see that stirs our hearts in Normandy. Surely it is something very near to us, something of the stuff of which we are made.

A Hilltop in Rouen

Away across the water, a hundred miles or more, stands the capital of this ancient land. It is Rouen. It has heard the tramp of armies. It has felt the thrill of great events. It has been a place for history to reckon with for a thousand years and more. Its walls looked down on the Romans. Charlemagne walked its streets. Its ships were coming to Britain in the days of Alfred. It gave up its keys to King Harry. It received in its bosom the heart of Richard Coeur de

Lion and the body of the prince strangled by the king who gave us Magna Carta. Through its streets they carried the Victor of Agincourt, Conqueror of Normandy, dead on his way to Westminster.

These things Rouen has seen, but it has seen more than these, for there is in this old town one of the most enthralling spots in all our island story. Earth has scenes more fair, but we may wonder if it has any scene more thrilling for an Englishman than a hilltop looking down on Rouen and the market-place that lies at its foot.

On this green hill one autumn day died William the Conqueror.

At the foot of this hill one spring day died Joan of Arc.

Illustrious Figures

He died in the evening of the year and the evening of his life, for his terrible work was done; he was sixty. She died in the spring of the year and the spring of her life, full of dreams, for she was only twenty. He died, this stern and desperate man, quietly among green fields; she died, this stainless and matchless maid, chained in the fire.

Here, separated in time by three and a half centuries, and in space by a few minutes' walk, these immortal figures passed to whatever destiny may wait for heroes and kings. There is something strange in the thoughts that come as we think of it; there is something oddly alike in the ending of these very different lives. Both were figures illustrious and powerful in life; both were deserted in the hour of death. Though the Conqueror died among green fields, it was fire that laid him low; though Joan prayed that she might return to her green fields, they put her on the fire as a witch. Both were alone in death, deserted by all. Today no man knows where either of them lies, for the Conqueror's bones have been scattered to the winds, and the ashes of Joan have been carried by the river to the sea. And what could be more strange than this—that while the man at the top of the hill brought the English into France, it was the girl at the foot of the hill who drove them out?

Drama of the Hill

That is the wonder of Rouen; that is the drama staged by Time around this little hill. We will look round at the top of the hill before we go down to the square below.

We are carried back on this hilltop for fifteen hundred years. We go down thirty steps into a cold, dark little place in which the Sun has never shone, to which no daylight comes. There is hardly a more interesting spot in France, for this small crypt was probably the first place built for keeping Christian relics in a pagan land. It is believed to be the earliest home of Christianity in France, and in it there have slept through all these centuries two saints of the Church who died within three hundred years of Calvary. We can see the Roman bricks built in the walls. We stand by the altar where the early Christians

stood. We sit on the low stone seat running round the walls, and are moved by the sight of three human skulls lying here, the skulls, we may be sure, of three of the earliest members of a Christian Church in France. The ever-rolling stream of Time has borne a multitude of its sons away since a tiny group of men and women met in this sacred place, and it was to the Abbey of St Gervais, built above this crypt, that they brought the dying Conqueror.

It was a great life that was ending in those closing days of the summer of 1067. Not many men since Julius Caesar had made so great a mark upon the world or wrought a work so fraught with meaning for centuries to come. If England and France were enemies so long it was because this bold young Norman, before he was yet thirty, arrived in England one day as a duke and left her as a king expectant. Whatever Harold had promised him, whether it is true or not

owe to Cromwell. The history of England for eight hundred years has been what it is because this man was what he was. Professor Freeman says so, and is not to be contradicted.

It was in the autumn of 1066, that William set sail for Pevensey with an army of about 25,000 men. When this grim man arrived at Pevensey he found himself in the shadow of Roman walls that had stood seven hundred years, and he would feel, no doubt, already like a conqueror as he landed his host on the very spot where Caesar's legions must have stood. He marched toward Hastings, and on the field of Senlac he met the King of England and his men. There was a panic, and a rumour that the Norman had been slain, but he tore off his helmet and cried, *I live, and by God's help will conquer yet!* As the Sun set on Senlac that night the king was slain, the English ranks were broken, and the troops scattered in the dark; and we are told that the Conqueror pitched his tent on the spot where Harold fell, and sat down to eat and drink among the dead.

The Grim Conqueror

He knew that he was king at last. Across the Channel in Rouen the gentle Matilda was pleading with the powers of heaven that the day might be his; but of gentleness there was none in this tanner's daughter's son. He was to sit on the throne of Alfred; he was to shape the destinies of the nation that was to lead the world in freedom and humanity; yet the first thing he did as our Conqueror was to refuse a grave to our dead king. He cared nothing, this man, whether men loved or hated him.

The fire of the old Vikings still burned in him. He would rally his soldiers with a voice like a trumpet. He would march strong and vigorous in front of fainting troops. He would work with his men as if he were one of them. Where he found no road he would make one, and would lay the stones with his own hands. Yet he was scornful and pitiless, and his cruelty knew no bounds. When the French king mocked at him he set the French border on fire, and blazed its hamlets to the ground. When townsmen hung skins on their walls to mock at his lowly birth he cut off the hands and feet of his captives and flung them into the streets.

One Christmas Day

Such a man was he who marched from Hastings up to London, and his wonderful powers brought England to his feet. Kent, Winchester, and London bowed down to him; in two months he was king. On Christmas Day they crowned him in the Abbey. There was some turmoil, for when the people acclaimed him king his men outside mistook the noise, and, thinking it hostile, set fire to the houses, so that William left the Abbey to see his capital burning. But so tranquil was the city, so quiet was England, that in a few months the Conqueror could return to Normandy, leaving Odo to rule in his stead.

TO BE CONTINUED



Joan of Arc

BEDTIME CORNER

Fun For Tony

As Tony passed the strawberry field he stooped and looked through a gap in the hedge.

There they were, great fat red beauties, half hidden by their leaves. The delicious smell made Tony's mouth water.

A scuffling noise in the lane made him look round. The big gate at the bottom of Farmer West's meadow was open, and through it came, very leisurely, a whole herd of Jersey cows.

They had no business there, as Tony knew quite well; and as he stood staring at them up rushed the farmer.

"Did you open that gate?" he roared at Tony. And then seeing the indignant look on his face, he said, "No, I can

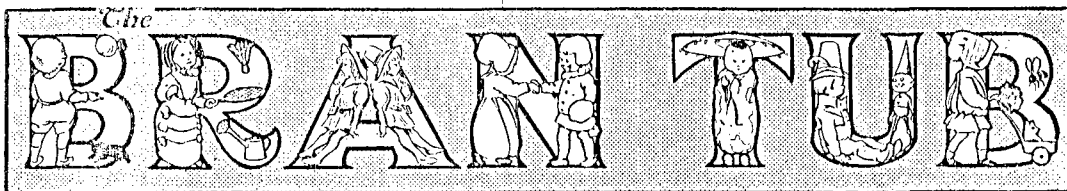
see you didn't. Sorry, old chap. But I must get those beggars back."

"I'll help," cried Tony, darting forward.

Between them, after a lot of shooing and coaxing, they soon had the truants safely home.

"So that's that," said the farmer, as the gate swung to behind the last of them. "Much obliged for your help," he added, smiling down on the little boy. "Now, what would you say to a few strawberries?"

You can imagine what Tony said to that! And, when he had pulled as many as he could eat, the farmer filled a basket with the lovely fruit and gave it to him to take home.



What Did He Mean?

"Did you send your story to the publisher?"
"Yes; and he replied that he would lose no time in reading it."

NO LITTER

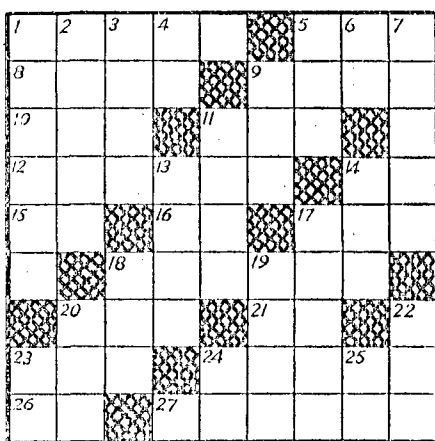


I MAY be greedy, but
I'm tidy, never fear!
So when I crack a nut
I drop the shell just here!

Tyre and Tire

A POLITICIAN who was famous for his very long speeches is said to have received the following suggestion in verse:
Mr Gabbie, we say, you make us think
Of the blacksmith's hold with forge
like ink,
Where he moulds and welds and
fastens with fire
The spokes of the wheels to the outer
tyre.
For this I know, and know full well,
And any blacksmith the same will
tell,
That the speech's effect—if you will
inquire—
Is just like the wheel near the
blacksmith's fire;
We tell it to you without any ire
That a very long spoke makes a
very large tire!

Ha'f-Hour Cross Word



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks.

Words and Colours

JOSEPH VERNET, the French painter, paid a visit to Voltaire, who greeted him with these words:

"Monsieur Vernet, your work will certainly be immortal; your colours are the most brilliant and the most lasting of all!"

"My colours, sir, are not to be compared with your ink," said the artist.

How Garibaldi Wrote His Name

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI, Italy's great patriot, was born on July 4, 1807, at Nice, which was then an Italian city. He was exiled from Italy in 1834, fought for 10 years for the young republic of Uruguay, and was for a time a candle-maker near New York. In 1860 he led his famous Redshirts into Sicily, overthrew the tyrant king of Naples, and brought about the union of Italy

G. Garibaldi

Troubles of a Fishmonger

To attract attention toward his shop a fishmonger displayed an old-fashioned signboard of which he was very proud:
Fresh fish sold here.

But the first day he opened his shop a customer said to him:

"What is the use of explaining that your fish is fresh? People will not imagine you sell rotten fish."

The fishmonger painted out the word *Fresh*.

Another customer then observed:
"Why say *Here*? Everyone can see that. You seem to think your customers are stupid."

The fishmonger, afraid of offending his customers, suppressed the word *Here*.

"Why say *Sold*?" asked a third customer; "no one will suppose you give your goods away."

So the fishmonger left only one word on his signboard: *Fish*.

He thought that in this way he was safe from criticism, but he was mistaken. "It is a word too many," said a fourth visitor. "We all know you sell fish; we can smell it a mile away!"

Reading Across. 1. Lend as much as possible of this to the nation. 5. To sink in the middle. 8. Parched with heat. 9. Submissive. 10. A snare. 11. The summit. 12. Verse. 14. Exists. 15. Preposition. 16. Exclamation denoting surprise. 17. Clean your shoes on this before entering. 18. A kind of secret writing. 20. A male descendant. 21. An announcement. 23. A fixed seat in church. 24. A rock used for roofs. 26. Denotes contiguity. 27. A dancing spectacle.

Reading Down. 1. A black and white bird. 2. A hunter and a constellation. 3. Between eight and ten. 4. Editor. 5. Fluid which circulates in plants. 6. Before noon. 7. One of the civil family. 9. A plaything. 11. An ambush. 13. Slender. 14. A pole. 17. An award for gallantry. 18. To intimidate. 19. A big public room. 20. To put in position. 22. Soaked with water. 23. Child's name for father. 24. South Africa. 25. Note in tonic solfa scale.

Answer next week.

The Missing Letter

By adding one vowel in fourteen different places in the letters below a sentence will be formed:

LKWITHINURTHISETWIMY
UWEYURWNIHUR

Can you find out what it is?

Answer next week

RIGHT

SAID a boy to his teacher one day: "Wright has not written rite right, I say."

And the teacher replied,

As the blunder she eyed:

"Right!—Wright, write rite right, right away!"

Jacko on a Sticky Job



A pot of bright green paint put the idea into Jacko's mind. He'd paint the old garden seat. And so he did, and a very good job he made of it. Unfortunately his father sat down on it before it was dry, and when he tried to get up again—the seat got up with him! It took poor Mother Jacko the rest of the morning to get the paint off Father's trousers.

A Mistake in the Prayer Book

EVEN in good handwriting it is often difficult to distinguish between the letters m, u, and n. The familiar phrase of the *Te Deum* that we sing in church, "Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints," should read "Make them to be rewarded with Thy Saints." It was wrongly translated, the word *numerari* (to be rewarded) being read as *numerari* (to be numbered).

Jumbled National Emblems

If properly rearranged the letters of each of the following words and phrases spell the names of five national emblems.

KEEL SORE IET THIS
HARM SOCK
ELF IS RULED

Answer next week

The Reason Why

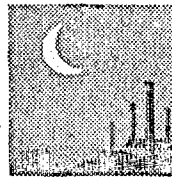
Two friends were watching a very dull play when one said to the other:

"This is awful! I wonder the audience does not hiss it off the stage."

"I expect they would if they could," was the weary reply. "But you must remember that it is impossible to yawn and hiss at the same time."

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Jupiter and Saturn are in the east. In the evening no planets are visible. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 7 o'clock on Sunday morning, June 30.



WHEN A CHILD IS FEVERISH, CROSS, UPSET



Colic, wind, disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, in babies and children, generally show food is souring in the little digestive tract.

When these symptoms appear, give Baby a teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia.' Add it to the first bottle of food in the morning. Older children should be given their dose in a little water. This will comfort the child—make his stomach and bowels easy. In five minutes he is comfortable and happy. It will free the bowels of all sour, indigestible food. It opens the bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments. Children take it readily because it is palatable and pleasant-tasting.

Obtainable everywhere, at 1/3 & 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

Children's Teeth in War-Time



Even in war time a child's diet must contain a proportion of sweet things for nourishment and energy. But sweet things cause acid-mouth which encourages the germs which attack and decay the teeth. To protect the teeth a child's toothpaste should contain plenty of 'Milk of Magnesia,' the most effective neutralizer of mouth acid known. Only in one toothpaste is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid to be found, and that is Phillips' Dental Magnesia which contains 75%.

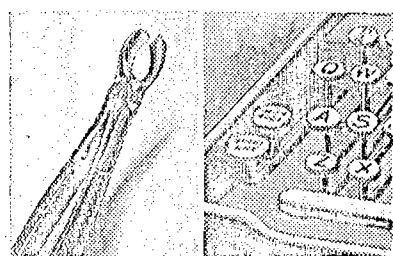
Children who use this pleasant-tasting toothpaste regularly always have the whitest teeth and are practically free from decay, with its distressing toothache and disfiguring gaps. Get a tube today.

Sold everywhere, 6d., 10d. and 1/6.



* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

C N WORD STRIP



Dental Key

Typewriter Key

Key of Board

Key of Arch

Key to Arithmetic

Bookbinder's Key

Split Key

A BUNCH OF KEYS

